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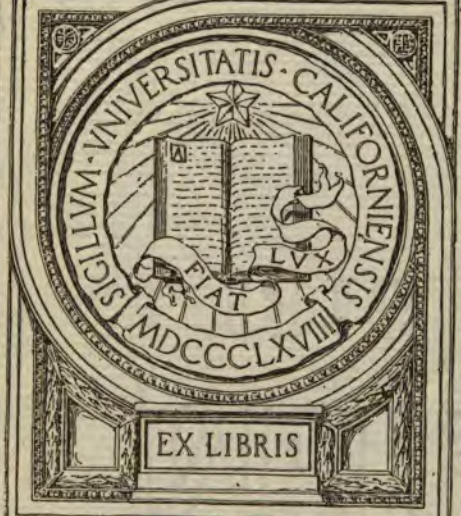


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Wilson

# LIFE

*The Seventeenth Grove Play*
*of the*
*Bohemian Club*

1919

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# LIFE

BY

HARRY LEON WILSON

MUSIC BY

DOMENICO BRESCIA

THE SEVENTEENTH GROVE PLAY OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO, AS PERFORMED BY ITS MEMBERS IN THE BOHEMIAN GROVE, SONOMA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, ON THE TWENTY-EIGHTH NIGHT OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINETEEN

SAN FRANCISCO
THE BOHEMIAN CLUB
1919

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SAN FRANCISCO

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# CAST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|---|
| THE SOWER | Samuel J. Hume |
| OG | Henry A. Melvin |
| JAD | Dion Holm |
| TULL | William S. Rainey |
| FIRST TRIBESMAN | M. C. Threlkeld |
| SECOND TRIBESMAN | Wm. B. Sanborn |
| THIRD TRIBESMAN | W. A. Bryant |
| FOURTH TRIBESMAN | George H. Evans |
| FIFTH TRIBESMAN | R. W. Davis |
| SIXTH TRIBESMAN | Dewey Coffin |
| SEVENTH TRIBESMAN | W. A. Setchell |
| EIGHTH TRIBESMAN | Theodor Vogt |
| NINTH TRIBESMAN | Bush Finnell |
| TENTH TRIBESMAN | W. A. Doble |
| ELEVENTH TRIBESMAN | H. B. Johnson, Jr. |
| TWELFTH TRIBESMAN | E. H. Denicke |
| THE WOMAN | David Eisenbach |

*Seedsmen, Flowers, Fruits, Women*

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## VOICES AND CHORUS

### INTERLUDE

| | |
|---|---|
| A VOICE (*in the Chant of Annunciation*) | CHARLES BULOTTI |
| FIRST VOICE | R. H. LACHMUND |
| SECOND VOICE | EASTON KENT |
| THIRD VOICE | E. J. CARDINALL |

---

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| F. N. ANDERSON | H. E. HARE | W. H. ORR |
| A. A. ARBOGAST | R. B. HEATH | H. L. PERRY |
| H. K. BAXTER | C. HEROLD | G. PURLENKY |
| E. BLANCHARD | W. F. HOOKE | A. L. PIPER |
| R. A. BROWN | W. H. HOPKINSON | C. A. RIESER |
| C. F. BULOTTI | OTIS JOHNSON | E. W. ROLAND |
| W. H. BLATCHLY | A. G. KELLOGG | BENJ. ROMAINE |
| E. J. CARDINALL | EASTON KENT | J. D. RUGGLES |
| P. S. CARLTON | R. H. LACHMUND | A. W. SPERRY |
| WM. CROSS | A. F. LAWTON | A. H. STILL |
| W. W. DAVIS | R. LUNDGREN | B. M. STICH |
| T. G. ELLIOTT | R. I. LYNAS | JOHN STROUD |
| D. EISENBACH | E. H. MCCANDLISH | E. L. TAYLOR |
| C. E. ENGVICK | M. MCCURRIE | A. W. THOMAS |
| C. J. EVANS | J. MCEWING | C. F. VOLKER |
| R. E. FISHER | W. A. MITCHELL | T. G. WHITAKER |
| G. H. FORMAN | P. J. MOHR | M. H. WHITE |
| E. GERSON | L. B. O'BRIEN | G. R. WILLIAMS |
| W. E. HAGUE | WM. OLNEY | A. Y. WOOD |

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# GROUPS

## SEEDSMEN

E. D. Chipman
R. D. Holabird
S. O. Johnson
J. R. Gwynn
R. M. Hotaling
B. G. McDougall
E. D. Shortlidge
Otto Westerfeld

## FLOWERS

R. I. Bentley, Jr.
C. T. Beringer
J. Black
C. Borgeson
E. Cameron
F. A. Corbusier
R. F. Coyle
E. Cullinan
H. A. W. Dinning
A. R. Fennimore
P. K. Funke
W. C. Hays
G. Hotaling
B. Marsh
J. F. Sheehy
R. J. Somers
J. A. Thompson
W. G. Volkmann

## FRUITS

R. I. Bentley, Jr.
C. T. Beringer
J. Black
C. Borgeson
E. Cameron
F. W. Carey
F. A. Corbusier
R. F. Coyle
F. B. Elkins
J. F. English
P. K. Funke
J. R. Gwynn
W. C. Hays
G. Hotaling
I. S. Lillick
B. F. Lum
B. Marsh
H. H. Miller
W. H. Robinson
J. F. Sheehy
J. R. Sloan
C. Taylor
H. H. Taylor
J. A. Thompson
R. L. White
J. A. Young

• • •

STAGE DIRECTOR — Frank L. Mathieu
MASTER OF LIGHTING — Edward J. Duffey

• • •

*Ensembles of the Prelude, Interlude, and Finale devised and directed by* Harris C. Allen

• • •

CONDUCTOR — Domenico Brescia
CHORUS MASTER — Eugene Blanchard
CONCERT MASTER — Arthur Argiewicz

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# LIFE

## PROLOGUE

*A glade at the foot of a wooded hill shrouded in darkness. Music is heard, and the figure of the* SOWER *is seen, suffused with light, high on the hillside.*

THE SOWER

Now hear ye, O Life! I am the Sower, come to sow
more life.
I am the constant, the timeless.
One little moment past, sowed I in the void—
I sowed star dust,
And from that misty seed, quick with life,
The round earth shaped beneath me;
Crag, valley, sea, mountain and vale,
The new sphere swung to its appointed path.

[*The humming of a distant chorus is heard from the darkness.*

Then sowed I other seed, so urgent
That the dead earth pulsed to my tread
With vine and flower and fruit.
One little moment since and all these mighty growths,
These purple pillars, draped in shadowy green,
Were but seed, leaving my hand.
Sowed I seed of milky fire mist,
Ever more seed,
And life spawned upon itself—



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Swam, crawled, flew, walked upright,
Then spoke!

VOICES (*singing*)

Life spoke its fearful wonder in itself.
Life come to its first dim knowledge of life;
Finding it so good that it would rest upon itself.
Now in this star-born glade it would rest evermore,
Dreaming its last victory be won.

But Thou, the Sower, timeless and constant,
Now bring'st new seed to sow.
New seeds of life unending, building ever upon itself.
Thou art the never-ending, all-wanting, all-begetting;
Thou the timeless, the constant,—so old—so young.

THE SOWER

Oh, I am old, yet ageless.
Old as all time, young as this speeding instant.
I, the unceasing sower.
From this unbeginning ferment of star dust
I have conjured seed, bud, blossom,
Then the ripened fruit.

And to what end the labor,
The endless tortured cycle?
I know not. Even I, the Sower, know not;
Save this: That from all agony and travail,
From that heaped hand of star dust
I spilled in the great void,
I have brought Man.
Man I hold as my reward!



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A Voice (*from the darkness*)

Poor little Man!
So vast a fruit, so splendid,
Yet so fearful of all beyond him!
So glorious a coward;
Poor little Man!

Other Voices

Now Man will worship and fear Thee, the Sower,
As one beyond, who must know the secret.
Yet even Thou must worship one still beyond
Who will know the secret, the secret hid from Thee.

The Sower

From star dust to earth,
From earth to Man,
From Man to what shining consummation?
I know not—even I—
Save this: that I must ever sow,
And Man must ever dare new pain.

I, the timeless one, the constant,
All-wanting, all-begetting,
I am worshipped as Creator,
Yet know I only that I, myself, am creature,
Even as Man; know only that our common fate is—
    wanting.
I, too, would rest in still delight,
Here in this star-born glade,
But may not, from the goad
Of still another sower,
Beyond, invisible to me!



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One law have I found, one law alone
In all time's outflung maze:
Man must want and ever want.
Even as I, the Sower, must he become,
All-wanting, all-begetting.
Now must he ache with discontent,
Even as that first eager star dust
That would have no rest till it had wrought
This earth to rounded beauty.
Now must he throb with starved desire
Even as throbbed the tiny seeds
That could not still their pain till these great trees
Searched out the stars!

Lo, I call ye now, ye tireless sowers!
Though it be curse, though it be gift benign,
Come forth, ye tireless sowers,
Sow ye the seed of Man's divine desire!

[*The Seedsmen appear at the top of the trail below the* SOWER. *One figure appears at first and, from a seed-basket, flings silver particles into the light which now surrounds him. Another appears on the path below and makes a similar gesture, and so on down the hill. As they descend the hill the voices are again heard.*

VOICES (*singing*)

Now Man is come, finely fashioned, joyously wondering, savoring huge delights.
He would rest content with stores drawn from his fruitful earth.
In sloth of fed desire he would end the cycle, thwart the plan.



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And this he may not do.
Nay, little Man, who would rest here,
Safe from wanting, knowing not the law,
Knowing not life's fevered pains and efforts,
Nor yet its exaltations!
We sow you here the quick imperious seed of discontent.
You may no longer rest.
Your curse—your gift—
Be endless wanting, endless getting.
You would end the cycle, thwart the plan.
This you may not do!

[*The chorale concludes with the Seedsmen grouped upon the hillside. One of their number steps forward and scatters special seed down the bank where the Bush of Wanting is to grow.*

THE SOWER

Now have I sown the quick hot seed of discontent, the old want, ever new.
Now have I sown the seed of the old urge, ever young.

[*The Bush of Wanting rises from the ferns of the bank.*

Behold the bush of wanting! See it rise from the quickened earth.
Its fruit is red with lure of life;
Its fruit is hot with imperious desire.
Little earth-bred men, you shall mouth its heating fruit
And you shall ache with all the want of your young world.
Oh, you shall thrill to the first faint call
Of strange old pains, of strange old joys,
And find them strangely new.
Delight and terror you shall know



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And torturing want shall bring you Life in its endless cycle.
Come, little men, eat in new fear,
Little men, born of earth,
Little *men* who have not known *woman!*

[*The fruit of the bush glows with light. The Seedsmen slowly withdraw, their hands outstretched toward the glowing bush.*

Even now the fruit quickens. The urge that thrilled the very star dust hath arrogantly sped it.
Come, little men who have not known woman, your other self awaits you—woman awaits you!
The endless cycle of torture and ecstacy!
Come, Life leaps to the call!

[THE SOWER *vanishes.*



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## EPISODE I.

[*A party of hunters assembles in the scene. They are armed with spears, bows, clubs. The men are rather young, clad in skins, or rough stuffs of fibre, woodsy looking. The chief only is old; he is fat, gross, bearded. They bring a couple of deer and the carcass of some huge, grotesque animal. On one side is seen the mouth of the tribal cave. The Tribesmen deposit their arms there. The slaughtered game is thrown down before the mouth of the cave and a fire is lighted. Meat is cooked. They gather about the fire and eat hungrily. While the meat is cooking,* JAD *starts up and stares intently at something across and a little up the hillside. His action is observed by* TULL.

TULL

What now? What do you see?

JAD

Look! A strange bush has grown there since we left the cave at dawn.

TULL

I see no bush. How could that be?

JAD

But look! At the foot of the bank. A strange new bush and it bears fruit—red fruit.



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TULL

Yes; now I see red fruit, and it was not there at dawn, nor did I ever see that bush with the long, pointed leaves. And it has thorns—great thorns that would stab.

JAD

Come, let us see it close.

TULL

Be slow, now; touch it gently. Those thorns will stab; the very leaves are pointed. They'll prick.

[*They stand over the shrub.*

JAD

But that fruit—the ripe, red fruit; see how it glistens, and how it swells with its own juice. It must be sweet to the taste. Come, we'll eat.

[*He is about to pluck one of the fruits;* TULL *stays his arm.*

TULL

No, stay! See how the great thorns and the pointed leaves protect it.

JAD (*laughing*)

I have killed a tiger. Am I afraid of thorns and little pointed leaves?

[*He reaches again for the fruit;* TULL *stays his arm and draws him back a step from the bush.*

TULL

No, you are not afraid of thorns and little points. But this is a strange bush. It is not as other bushes we know



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that bear fruit. It grows in a day and bears ripe fruit. The fruits we know that are good must have months for their ripening. This may not be good. I remember a shiny, yellow fruit the tribe once ate—how it sickened and killed many. They burned with a fever and it killed them. This fruit may be like that, not meant for us to eat. Come away; it may rot as quickly as it grew. Come! We know enough fruits that do not kill; we want no more.

JAD

But now I do want more. While I have stood here, even before I have touched it, a want for this fruit has come upon me like a little fever. Oh, I know it will have a rich taste in the mouth. I must have it.

[*He reaches for it but* TULL *again stays him.*

TULL

But stay a little, then. Let us watch to see if the birds eat of it. See, no bird has yet touched it. No! No bird *would* touch it. The fruit is ripe to bursting, yet its skin has no scars from the beaks of birds. If it were good fruit the birds would have come to it. I do not think it is good. It is beautiful, but so was the other fruit that killed. This is even fairer; fairer than any fruit we know, and ripe to bursting. I think it must be bad. Yet we'll watch; if the birds should come to eat, then we'll know it may be good, —but all day no bird has come. That's bad!

JAD

Yes, it is a strange fruit, but it may not be bad. I think it must be good. I want it more than any other fruit. See! My hands creep toward it, though I do not make them; my lips open for it, my throat is dry for its juice.



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TULL (*trying to draw* JAD *back*)

But leave it now, and watch if the birds come.

JAD (*resisting*)

Yes, we'll watch if the birds come. But I'll pick one—just one. Not to eat, not to taste, but to hold here in my hand. (*reaching for the fruit*) We'll show it to the rest.

TULL

Be careful! Careful of the great thorns! Careful of those pointed leaves! Death might be in their sting.

JAD (*reaching into the shrub*)

A thorn has scratched me. And the leaves have needle points. One has pricked me and brought a drop of blood, but see, here is a ripe fruit. (*holding it up*) Oh, it is hot in my fingers. I can feel the slow, rich juice coursing inside. It must be a good fruit sent to us by the Above-persons. There is another drop of blood on my wrist. This is a good fruit sent to us by the Above-persons and guarded by sharp points so that only we may take it.

TULL

Not all fruit is sent to us by the Above-persons—remember the shiny yellow fruit that killed—

JAD

But I have a little fever for this; my throat is dry for the juice of it. My throat tightens for it. One little taste—this fruit has made me want it.

TULL

No, no! The blood on your wrist comes again. That thorn pricked deep. Don't taste it yet. Wait for the



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birds. If the Above-persons have sent this fruit the birds will come to it. They eat the fruits we eat. Wait for the birds. Bring that one carefully and show to the rest. Here, let me take it—your hands go to your mouth with it.

[TULL *takes the fruit from* JAD, *who follows him across to the fire.* JAD *looks back to the bush, leaving it reluctantly. The men are still eating meat voraciously. All look up as* JAD *and* TULL *approach.*

TULL (*holding out the fruit*)

See, a strange new fruit!

JAD

A new fruit that makes me want it. I held it in my hand, not tasting it, and my throat snarled for it. I have not known so fierce a want even for meat at the end of a long hunt. It is like a new want.

[OG, *who has meat in each hand at which he alternately gnaws, rises.*

OG

What's this of new wants? We want no new wants. A fruit, is it?

[*He stops eating and eyes the fruit as* TULL *extends it.*

Well, fruits may be good, though they are not meat for a man's teeth. They are poor things to bite. But this is a new fruit. I have seen none like it in all these great woods. Is it sweet?

JAD (*quickly taking the fruit from* TULL)

We have not tasted. It is a new fruit. The bush was not there at dawn when we left the cave. Now it is full



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grown and thick-leaved, with great thorns, and the fruit hangs ripe. Here in my hand I feel its hot juice stir, I feel it run and burn, and all in this ten hours it has come to its growth—a strange fruit that leaves my mouth parched for it. I never wanted any other fruit; and this, even before I touched it, fired me with wanting. I felt a little fever for it. Now that I have touched it, and its needle-pointed leaves have brought my blood—now I have a big fever for it. Now I ache with wanting to mouth it. The Above-persons have sent it to us.

OG (*who has fallen to his meat again*)

Fruit is not meat—even fruit with a hot juice. Would it stay in the mouth and goad a man's teeth like this back-fat of a deer? I'd rather have even a strip of that deer's belly-fat than all the pretty fruit in these woods.

[*He eats again.*

JAD

(*still holding the fruit, fingering it curiously*)

I know! I'm a man for meat myself; but this fruit draws me to it. See where its thorn scratched my flesh and its needle-pointed leaves have pricked me. Little wounds, but they have made me glow with a great fever. I am hot to eat this thing and I want no meat. I want this fruit; it is a new want—some strange new want that scratches in me. I want this fruit and I want more than this fruit—I want—I want—

OG

(*throwing down one of the bones he has gnawed*)

Wants? *Wants?* New wants? I tell you, we want no new wants. Our wants are all met. We have but two. We want meat—we hunt it. We want sleep—we take it.



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What other wants could there be in all the world? Another want would be evil. Our world is good without wants. If that fruit has made you want, then it is an evil fruit.

TULL (*stepping forward*)

I told him that. It must be a poison fruit. Like that shiny yellow fruit our men once ate that sickened them and killed many till they learned to shun it.

FIRST TRIBESMAN (*from the fire*)

And like that herb some of us tasted in the big rains. We lost our good safe sense and some of us walked off a high rock and lay all broken at its foot. It was an evil herb.

TULL

And this must be an evil fruit. How could a good fruit grow in one day. The good fruits that are sent by the Above-persons, we know them—they are slow to grow, and the birds eat them with us. This fruit the birds have shunned.

JAD

Still, it burns now in my hand, its juice runs alive to my touch. I tell you it makes me want strange new wants and most of all it makes me want to taste, to eat itself. I want—

OG

Our old wants are enough. We want meat; we want sleep.

FIRST TRIBESMAN

Yes, it must be like that herb we tasted that made some of us walk and fall from the high rock. It has put a fever on Jad.



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OG

It's an evil fruit if it makes him want more than meat and sleep. (*to* JAD) Throw it away. (*as* JAD *hesitates*) Throw it away—throw it from you.

JAD

But it holds me. My hand cannot throw it. My throat tightens for it.

[*Raises fruit to his mouth.*

OG (*horrified*)

Throw it!

TULL

Throw it!

[*He seizes* JAD'S *arm and tries to take the fruit from him. There is a slight struggle.* TULL *gets the fruit and hurls it into the forest. The tribesmen have risen from the ground to watch.* JAD *stands as if dazed, regarding his empty hand.*

TULL (*to* OG)

Master, I saved him from tasting that evil fruit, but when our hands clenched we crushed it. The juice ran between our fingers. It was hot and living, as he said. See, it stains my hand, it burns—it burns.

OG (*turning to the fire for more meat*)

We'll have no fruit that makes new wants. We want meat, we want sleep. We have them. How if some fruit gave us a want we could not satisfy? That would be evil.

TULL

He would have eaten of the fruit, and I saved him from



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it. But the fruit was crushed and the juice burns on my hand.

[*He shows his hand to* Og, *continuing to explain this to him.*

Jad (*who has withdrawn a little*)

The fruit is gone, but here on my hand is the wet, hot juice. It burns. And my mouth is parched for one drop of it. I think one little drop would satisfy.

[*He lifts his hand cautiously to his face, sniffs at it, then eagerly puts forefinger and thumb to his lips. He seems to drink.*

There, I have tasted the hot red juice. It is not evil; it is good. It is soft and sweet in my throat. But I still want. I want more of that hot fruit. It is not an evil fruit. It is not evil to want the fruit when the fruit is there to satisfy it. I shall eat of it; I shall eat and eat of it.

[*Unobserved by the others he crosses furtively to where the strange bush grows and disappears just behind it.* Tull *has withdrawn from* Og *and the others, who have fallen again to their meat.*

Tull

It is hot, that juice; it burns on my hand. Not as a fire burns—it is not like a fire I would snatch my hand from. It is a soft, sweet burn. And now my mouth is parched for one drop of that juice still wet there. I am afraid of it, yet all athirst. My throat chokes for it. Would one drop cure me of this burning?

[*Glances around and sees the others busy with their meat. He raises his hand cautiously to his face, sniffs at it, seems to drink eagerly and then lowers his hand quickly.*



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There, my thirst is gone, and gone pleasantly. It was good, that juice. One little drop to satisfy so great a thirst. Yes, it no longer burns on my hand and my thirst is gone.

[*He pauses and his mouth works.*

Yet, is my thirst quite gone? I could drink another drop of that juice, I think. I have only a little thirst, but I want more thirst. That is strange. To want more thirst. I want more thirst and I want more juice to quench it. Perhaps that is the evil of this fruit, to make us want more and more. But how can that want be evil when there is so much of the fruit? If I went now and took another fruit from the bush—or if I searched for the one we crushed on our hands? No, no! I must not do that. It is an evil fruit and I saved Jad from tasting it. I would be a fool to taste it myself. If I went alone to that bush there would be no one to save me. I am thirsting, but I will not drink. I am afraid. I am afraid of too much wanting. I will eat meat instead and forget the other wanting.

[*He approaches the fire, where a few men still gnaw at bones. Others rest, half asleep.* Og, *on his haunches, is one of the last eaters. He is quitting regretfully.* Tull *takes up a piece of meat but has not his old appetite for it. From time to time he studies the hand that caught the juice of the strange fruit. Occasionally he sniffs at it. He eats but a few mouthfuls of the meat and these without relish. Voices are heard singing a Sleep Song, a sort of evening hymn. The tribesmen's last want has been satisfied. They go slowly into the cave as the song dies away.* Tull *who has been squatting by the fire, is the last to go. At the mouth of the cave he pauses, sniffs*



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*at his hand and looks longingly over at the strange bush.*

TULL

I want more, but oh, I am afraid to want. It is evil to want.

[*He goes quickly into the cave. The song, gently prolonged, at last ends. The scene has become dark gradually from the time* JAD *disappeared. Now moonlight floods it.* JAD *enters by the strange bush where he went off. He comes in furtively, half crouching, until he sees that the place is empty. Then he straightens up and bites into one of the strange fruits. He eats meditatively, then tosses the remnant away.*

JAD

How its juice runs hot in my veins! Again and again I have eaten and still I am left wanting. What stuff is it to do that? Evil perhaps, as they said, yet it has brought me no evil. Unless to want more and more of it be evil. But it has brought me some strange new life, and life is not evil. Some strange new life it has brought me and my body is swollen with wanting more life. What has it brought me, this juice that throbs and burns? Now all at once it seems I have become more than myself.

I am Jad, the one that hunted yesterday and brought down the deer with an arrow in its flank. But it seems I am still another self; another one of me is round about—I hear soft steps, little whisperings, new sounds in these woods. Og would say I am a fool, but I want that other self; want it as never I wanted meat after the longest day's hunt. The juice of that fruit has made me alive with wanting—but what do I want?—not more of the fruit. It is a bigger want, a terrible want.



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And I am wondering strange wonders. There is the moon I have seen so many nights without wonder—knowing when it comes to its full, and when it dries to a tiny shred—and now it has become a golden mystery, for all at once I must know how it comes there deep in the sky. I must know what hands throw it over the clouds; I must touch those hands, though they be the very hands of the Above-persons whom we may not see.

And this earth my feet are set upon. Now I am cursed for the first time with wonder of its secret. How came it to be earth and how came I to tread it? How came my fellows there that sleep away their meat? How came those seven stars to the sky's center?

Then this must be the evil of that fruit, to set me on a fool's blind trail of wondering, of wanting. All things are wonder to me now and I am but a want, an endless ache for more and more—of what? Then Og was right. It has made a fool of me, that fruit. To want and not know what I want. Before I ate of it I knew. I knew I wanted meat. I knew I wanted sleep. Now I know only that I want to know. With this dread urge in my blood can I ever want sleep again—that little death of the night? I want to know, I want to see, I want to feel—what? All—now I want all—all!

Most of all I want this other self of mine; it lurks here, it lurks there; it is above me, all about. I sense it here in these shadows; I hear soft footfalls. I want, I want, I must have. A fool that fruit has made me, but a real fool; I am no shadow, and my want is no shadow of a want—that other self of mine; it is warm and near me, I all but clutch it.

Oh, other self of mine, I cannot see you, yet I know you are here; I cannot see you, yet I feel your warm stirring. And the very force of this want in me shall draw you to



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me—from where? From these woodland shadows, from the sharp-starred sky? Are you made like me, of earth, or made of moonbeams? I wonder, in this fierce longing of wonder. But come you must. This want in me shall compel you from the shadows that hide you. I want you—I call you—

[*He has knelt below a bank, his arms aloft in supplication. A brilliant ray of light now reveals above him a* WOMAN *looking down at him.*

JAD (*awed*)

My other self, you come! My want has brought you. Oh, you are beautiful. Your hair has the moon's gold, your brows are the spread wings of an eagle, your eyes the farthest blue of the sky between white clouds! You are me, yet not me. Now I wonder more than of the moon and my sleeping fellows. And now that dread juice burns anew in me until my flesh must burst with wanting—I want—I want—

[*He now springs up as if to clasp the* WOMAN *but she vanishes. He turning away from the bank disconsolately.*

JAD

My other self was melted back to moonbeams by the heat of my wanting. Not of earth was it, as I am, but moonbeams all. And I have lost it. But the want still burns. It will not be denied. Ah! (*in sudden fear*) But it may have been an Above-person whom we are not meant to see. We know they are here; we see them in the trees, in the sun, and hear them in falling water, but we may not see their bodies. How if that fruit has opened my eyes to them. It must be so. It was not my other self; it was not of earth as I am. It was an Above-person.



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And will it come again? Oh, it must! I call it—my want calls it. Come, Oh come! Ah!

[*The* WOMAN *again appears at the margin of a pool and* JAD *crouches behind a tree to watch.*

JAD

An Above-person—an Above-person—brought by my great want from these trees and the running water and the far blue sky. And I must worship and want here from this distance or my vision will fade again to moonbeams. But no—look!

[*The* WOMAN *has leaned over to regard herself in the pool, she touches her hair and rearranges a wreath of flowers on her head.*

JAD

So! (*understanding*) Then it is not an Above-person. There is earth in its making as sure as I am of earth. I have leant above that pcol to see my own staring face. An Above-person would not do that. Then it is my other self—not all of moonbeams, but being earth as well. Now wait!

[*He cautiously makes his way toward the pool. The* WOMAN *looks up from the water, startled, then reassured as she sees only her own reflection. She does not detect* JAD. *He crawls nearer. The* WOMAN *preens herself in the pool.* JAD *at last comes to the margin of the pool opposite to her. She sees his reflection and darts up the path. He quickly intercepts her and clasps her in his arms. They struggle briefly.*

JAD (*laughing in triumph*)

Now, my other self—do you not know me? (*more*



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*softly*) Let me look at you. (*forcing up her face*) But you are all of beauty; all of beauty in the earth and in the sky. I think you are more beautiful than any Above-person. And you are my other self, called out of these shadows by the want that burns in me. Earth and sky! For you are of the earth as I am. This is firm flesh I touch. Yet you have much of the lightness of the sky that I have not. You are mine—my other self—come!

[*He would draw her away from the pool, but the* WOMAN *struggles again and all but frees herself. This struggle is longer, fiercer than the first.* JAD *finally masters her and her struggles cease.*

JAD

But this is evil. I have bruised the tender flesh of my other self. I have done evil to me from the heat of that wanton fruit. Now I could weep for that. See, my other self! I would not hold you so. You are free as a cloud in the sky. Now go quickly—back to your whispering shadows. I am too much of earth to hold you.

[*He steps back and then kneels, his head bowed.*

I touched but the earth of you; the sky I could not gain. But oh, the want that still runs in my blood! Oh, this wonder of wanting! Go while you are still a flower of all perfumes. Go before my wild arms crush you. Go!

[*He looks up after a pause. The* WOMAN *stands drooping, submissive.*

JAD

But I tell you go—back to your sky, your moonbeams, your sweet whispering shadows. I am afraid.

[*The* WOMAN *extends one hand in the least gesture of invitation.*



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JAD (*with a glad cry*)

Ah!

[*He seizes the extended hand while still on his knees. He rises to his feet. The* WOMAN *droops to him. With his arm about her they go slowly up the lower hillside and disappear among the trees as darkness falls.*



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## INTERLUDE

[*The figure of the* SOWER *again appears, suffused with light, high on the hillside.*

THE SOWER

Now the sleeping seed of life has wakened,
Now the earth-breed must want or perish.
So spin, little earth—
Whirl in your dance for a year,
While life remembers itself
In the loins of the man and the woman.
Spin for a year, little earth,
While blossoms fade and the fruit ripens,
Spin for a year while the earth-breed
Wonders and fears and dies.

VOICES (*singing*)

Now Man is caught in the infinite mesh;
Caught by kindling desire.

THE SOWER

But he who has dared will suffer;
He will joy and die,
And live again—live in his own flesh.
Spin for a year, little earth!
You shall have a new breed,
Fashioned for brave wanting—
All-wanting, all-begetting,
Its end to be endless.



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VOICES (*singing*)

He who has dared shall suffer;
He shall joy and die and live again!

A VOICE (*singing*)

Is it a scourge? Answer, thou mighty one,
Sower of star dust shining; is it a scourge?

OTHER VOICES (*singing*)

He knows not, even He, the timeless one, the constant,
He knows not, even He!

A SECOND VOICE (*singing*)

Is it a benison? Answer, thou mighty one,
Sower of milky fire mist; is it a benison?

OTHER VOICES (*singing*)

He knows not, even He, the timeless one, the constant,
He knows not, even He!

A THIRD VOICE (*singing*)

Is it a curse or gift divine? Answer, thou mighty one,
Sower of life unending; is it a curse or gift divine?

OTHER VOICES (*singing*)

He knows not, even He, the timeless one, the constant,
He only knows that endless wanting is the end!
He sows the seed as sow he must,
And Man shall reap, with anguished hands,
As reap he must.
Such is the cunning of the plan;
So has it been from unremembered chaos,
So shall it be through the ever-widening spiral
Of infinity!



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THE SOWER

It is the season of life's flowering;
Once thrall to sloth, man has become
All-wanting, all-begetting.
Life flowers—buds and blossoms
Into other life.
Let flowers attend the consummation!

[FLOWERS *spring from the ferns upon the hillside and descend the hillside with rhythmical movements.*

A VOICE

Life buds and blossoms into other life!
Spin, spin, spin, little earth,
Whirl in your dance for a year
While life remembers itself
In the loins of the man and the woman.
Spin for a year, little earth,
While blossoms fade and the fruit ripens,
Spin for a year while the earth-breed
Wonders and joys and dies!

[*The* FLOWERS *and the* SOWER *vanish and darkness falls.*



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## EPISODE II

*The scene gradually lightens to early dawn.*

[TULL *enters from the cave.*

TULL

A year that evil fruit has left its sting in my throat—the sting of a great wanting. A year have I fought the thirst for its juice. It burns still on my hand, as if a hot spear had branded it, and the call is always in my throat. I have fought the want through long nights. It has kept sleep from me; the little death that comes to us in the night has not come to me. That wanting has kept the little death from me that would have made me strong for the day's hunt. Yet I have fought it. But have I been a coward for fighting it? Was not Jad braver? He was seen to eat, then he was seen no more. For a year we have not seen him. Should I not have been brave to eat with him?—I might have saved him from what evil he went to. Perhaps I have been a coward. This whole year I have not dared go near the bush, lest the sight of its fruit inflame me as it once did. Perhaps I should have been brave, as Jad was. Perhaps the fruit brought new wants that he has satisfied away from us.

Now the wanting is on me as it was that night a year ago when I drank one drop of the juice. I will be a coward no longer. At least I will look again upon the fruit. I may even touch its hot surface—though I may not eat. Surely that would be foolish, for it must be an evil fruit. But I will look, maybe touch—



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[*He approaches the bush and stands above it, timidly.*

It must be an evil fruit—yet perhaps I am a coward. At least I may touch its shining surface.

[*He reaches into the bush, then draws back.*

A thorn has scratched me, a leaf has pricked me. There is a drop of blood. It burns me through. Am I a coward? No; I will still reach to touch one.

[*He reaches into bush and draws back with a fruit in his hand.*

Ah! (*with alarm*) It was over-ripe and fell into my open hand at the first touch. How warm it is, and I feel the live juice coursing within. But it was over-ripe—the skin has broken and there are drops of juice on my hand. Again that juice burns and makes me thirst for its sweetness. Now I am afraid. I am a coward, not brave as Jad was, who ate bravely and went away. I would not be that brave perhaps; only fools are *too* brave. Yet, if I tasted but this drop that runs like fire on my hand? Yes, I will be brave as that; I will taste this little drop, then throw the fruit away.

[*He puts the hand to his mouth.*

But the fire of it runs through me, and the fire from that pricking of the leaf and that scratching of the thorn. Now I must have more. That drop was not enough. I am afraid, but I am brave, too. Yes, I must eat. (*biting into the fruit*) Am I a fool? At least I am not a coward. I am brave as Jad was; I have eaten as he was seen to. (*eating*) But it is good, this fruit. It leaves a wondrous wanting in the mouth, a wondrous wanting in the whole body. Its hot juice is sweet on the tongue and leaves me all-wanting. Strange fruit! I no longer want sleep, our little death. I



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want more than sleep—but what is it I want? That juice burns in me, a living flame. Is it life I want—more life? Yes, and more than that. Each second I feel the want more urgently. It is myself I want—more of myself—yet how can I want so foolish a thing—how could it come to me? But I want it. I want—I want—

[*While* TULL *is speaking* JAD *and the* WOMAN *enter on the hillside.* JAD *is now dressed in lighter garments, something in the fashion of the* WOMAN. *They are garlanded with flowers.* JAD'S *arm is about the* WOMAN. *As he first discovers them,* TULL *crouches to watch.*

TULL

Ah! (*with understanding*) Now I see what it is that fruit has made we want. Now it is all plain. That is the more of myself that my body cries out for—that is the answer to my want. I have eaten a fruit of great wanting and its fulfillment comes all in a moment. And Jad, the brave one, Jad is bringing my want to me. That is good of Jad, but I, too, am brave, and Jad holds my want under his arm when my own arm cries out to enfold it. He, too, has eaten the fruit of wanting. But my want is greater than his; my want is greater than all the wanting of the world. He does not know this; he will give me my want when I tell him.

[JAD *and the* WOMAN *have come well down the hill.* TULL *springs forward from shadow into the light to confront them.* JAD *steps forward to meet him; the* WOMAN *drops back a little.*

TULL

Jad! After a whole year you have come back. You have brought my want.



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JAD

But I have brought my want—not yours.

TULL

Mine! Mine!—to meet this dread new want the fruit has put upon me.

[*His eyes are on the* WOMAN; *he ignores* JAD. *As he would approach her with arms extended,* JAD *stays him.*

JAD

Not yours, I tell you. Mine; doubly mine; my other self I found a year ago.

TULL

Mine! You are a fool not to know this is mine. A world of wanting cries out in me. Let me take—

JAD

But mine! So much mine now the whole world could not part us—mine, my other self!

[*They struggle, each protesting. The struggle grows more intense. The* WOMAN *watches, frightened.* TULL *kills* JAD. *He throws the body from him and stands horrified. The* WOMAN *approaches and kneels above the body of* JAD, *her hand on his breast. She screams once, then leaps to her feet and darts up the trail into the forest. The* WOMAN'S *scream arouses the sleepers in the cave, who rush out, rubbing the sleep from their eyes. They see the body of* JAD, TULL *standing over it, and gather about.* OG *is almost the last to come. He pushes through the group and sees the body of* JAD.



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OG (*to* TULL)

Dead? One of us slain like a deer? And it's Jad, come back after so long a time. Has a tiger gone here?

TULL

Oh, how can I tell it? A tiger has gone here, but I was that tiger. This arm struck him down.

OG (*puzzled*)

You struck him down? A chance blow? What game were you playing?

TULL

It was no game. I think it was life, new life that has come to trouble us here. It was no chance blow. I struck to kill.

OG

How could you wish to kill? He was your friend. Does friend kill friend? Last year you were friend of his. You took the strange fruit from his hand when he would have eaten.

TULL

The strange fruit, the evil fruit, *that* made me kill my friend. You remember? That fruit was crushed in our hands when I took it from him. Its juice burned me. I could not sleep. For a year our little death of each night has hardly come to rest me. It was the evil fruit that did it. I drank one drop of the juice that stayed on my hand—then for a year I fought the want for more of it. This morning I could fight the want no longer. I came for more. I ate of the fruit and did this.

FIRST TRIBESMAN

Then it was evil like that herb that made our people run



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off the high place when they had eaten it. This fruit will make us kill.

OG (*to* TULL)

Was it so?

TULL

This fruit, when I ate more of it, brought wanting, a horror of wanting—I wanted—I wanted—

OG

You wanted more meat—more sleep?

TULL

I wanted more than meat, more than sleep. Meat and sleep became all at once such very little wants—I forgot them.

OG

What more is there to want but meat and sleep? You could want more meat and more sleep, but surely nothing else.

TULL

I wanted more life. I know it was a strange, a foolish want, but I wanted more life. I was stung with wanting and did not know what it was I wanted until I saw Jad, my friend. He had it—he had what I wanted—more life.

OG

More meat? More sleep?

TULL

More life. I have told you. He had it there within his arm; another life; and it was *my* other life. I knew it was mine, but he was a fool; he would have kept it from me—he said it was *his* other life; but I was brave.



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OG

*His* other life, *your* other life? You are the fool, crazed with that evil fruit.

TULL

He brought another *person*—I told him it was mine.

OG

Another person—one of us?

TULL

Not one of us. A person fair and smooth and wondrous.

SECOND TRIBESMAN

Crazed by the fruit, as our people were when they ran off the high place.

TULL

Another person not of us, I tell you; fair and smooth and wondrous with a new beauty we have never known, a beauty to make us want, to make us long, to make us kill —even our friend.

SECOND TRIBESMAN

Crazed—crazed.

OG (*angrily*)

There are no persons but us and the Above-persons whom we may not see. There are no persons fair and smooth and wondrous, with a beauty to make us want and kill. There is only meat and sleep and us. There are no persons—

[TULL, *looking up, sees the figure of the* WOMAN, *who has lingered at the top of the trail.*



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TULL

There, look!

[*All turn.*

There! Now eat of that hot fruit as I did and you will know that new life has come to us—more than meat and sleep. We cannot fight against this new life. Again I am wanting as when I struck Jad.

[*Three or four other figures of women are seen, flitting across the upper trail.* TULL *starts quickly up, the women vanish. He stops.*

OG

Those must be evil ones. They cause us to kill. We shall kill them. Quick—go with your arrows, your spears.

[*The* SECOND, SEVENTH, EIGHTH, NINTH, *and* TENTH TRIBESMEN *take bows and arrows and go quickly up the hill, disappearing where the women were last seen.* TULL *comes down.*

TULL (*bitterly*)

They will find nothing. They have not eaten the fruit.

OG

The evil fruit that caused you to kill.

[*The* ELEVENTH *and* TWELFTH TRIBESMEN *carry away the body of* JAD. TULL *would follow it.* OG *keeps him.*

OG

See him who has killed his friend; his lost friend who came back. He had been lost for a year and his coming should have made us glad. Yet Tull killed him as if he had been a creature for meat.



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FIRST TRIBESMAN

We should kill Tull!

THIRD TRIBESMAN

Kill Tull or he will kill us!

[*They threaten* TULL.

TULL

It was the strange fruit made me do it—the fruit we we have seen for a year. If I had not eaten that fruit the coming of Jad would have made me happy.

OG

I warned you. I warned all of you to shun this evil fruit. No one should want more than meat and sleep.

TULL

There was juice on my hand when I took it from Jad. It burned me and I drank little drops from my fingers. Then it burned in my throat. All the year it burned. I could no longer stay my hands from touching that fruit, nor my lips from tasting it.

THIRD TRIBESMAN

We, too, have wanted that fruit. We wanted it each time we passed near it—yet we were strong; we obeyed Og.

TULL

I think you were not strong; you were weak. You were cowards, afraid to taste. And you had not touched it as I had, to save a friend from tasting it. The juice had not burned your fingers, nor run hot on your lips.



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FOURTH TRIBESMAN

We would not have killed Jad even if we had eaten that fruit. Jad was our friend.

FIRST TRIBESMAN

We should kill Tull!

TULL

I did not want to kill Jad, but he kept this other person from me—the fair, smooth, wondrous person that my arms wanted. That fruit gave me a fierce want, like the want of a tiger. It made me want more life. It made me kill Jad. I would have killed you all—all of you, I say, if you had kept that other person from me. The fruit made me brave for any killing.

FIRST TRIBESMAN

We must kill Tull.

TULL

I am brave, now. I would rather die wanting than live only for meat and sleep. I want that Above-person.

FOURTH TRIBESMAN

We must kill that Above-person.

OG

But first we should kill the bush that bears this evil fruit. Do you not see, you fools! The bad wanting springs first from that fruit. We shall kill the bush, then we shall kill the Above-person, then perhaps we shall kill Tull.

THIRD TRIBESMAN

Og is right. Let us kill the bush, then the Above-person that brings evil among us—then perhaps we may kill Tull.



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OG

If the bush be killed and the fair person be killed, then it may be Tull can live. It may be this sickness will leave him; it may be he will again want only meat and sleep.

TULL

Who would be a sleeping bear if he could be tiger? I do not want this sickness to leave me. For a year it did not leave me, even though I had drunk but one little drop of that juice. Then I was brave and ate of it freely. Now this sickness of wanting will never leave me. You are fools to talk so who have not even touched it. What do you know of wanting who have never felt its richness? Taste but one little drop, then meat and sleep will be your smallest wants. You will want more life, want more wants, and you will kill for them as I did if any would keep you from them. You will be tigers to kill. Friend will kill friend. This fruit will bring wanting and wanting will bring the Above-person—then you will be brave to kill.

FIRST TRIBESMAN (*threateningly*)

Tull is still sick and will kill. He will never be well. We should kill Tull.

TULL

I would rather die wanting than sleep like a bear with his belly full of meat. I would kill more than Jad for that Above-person. Eat of that fruit if you would know a new joy in killing. Eat and become tigers for killing—I would kill you all—

[*The Tribesmen advance threateningly on* TULL. OG *stays them.*

OG

This is the talk of a sick man. Tull is still sick. And



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that fruit is our danger. How if we all ate and all sickened? We should all be tigers for killing. We must first kill the fruit, then the Above-person who comes to the fruit's call—

FIRST TRIBESMAN

Then Tull!

OG

Then Tull, it may be—but not until then. First the fruit before it sickens others of you. Now go—uproot it, burn it. Kill it before others of you are sickened and say foolishly that meat and sleep are not all of life. Kill it quickly!

[*The* FIFTH *and* SIXTH TRIBESMEN *stay to guard* TULL. *Others go to the first bush from which* JAD *and* TULL *ate. Some uproot this with their spears. Others point to new bushes that have sprung up and go to them. These men discover still other bushes and point them out to* OG, *who has followed to watch. They work fiercely. The* ELEVENTH *and* TWELFTH TRIBESMEN *now join them. Then one of them has been pricked by the thorns, and another, the* FIRST TRIBESMAN, *has crushed a ripe fruit in his hands. He shows terror at first, but a moment later puts his hand to his lips.*

FIRST TRIBESMAN

It burns!

TULL (*laughing*)

It will never stop burning. It will burn till you kill—it will burn till wanting makes you kill.



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[*The* FIRST TRIBESMAN *runs up the trail where the* WOMAN *was last seen. The man who was pricked by a thorn of the bush now seizes a ripe fruit, bites into it and he, too, runs up the trail.*

TULL (*tauntingly*)

Now you will all go to find the Above-persons—now you will all kill—now you will all be tigers as I told you.

[*A second man, who has tasted the fruit, runs up the hill, then a third.*

THIRD TRIBESMAN (*to* OG, *terrified*)

Master, see! We destroyed that bush. Now two bushes like it have sprung up under our hands, and their fruit is already ripe. Good fruit, it seems! Oh, tempting!

ELEVENTH TRIBESMAN

Master, I am afraid! It is the same here. Two bushes come when we have killed one, and their fruit ripens.

TWELFTH TRIBESMAN

Their thorns have put fire in me. I want as Tull wanted.

THIRD TRIBESMAN

The juice burns on my hand where I crushed a fruit. My lips ache for it. I must—

[*He tastes the fruit greedily.*

TULL (*tauntingly*)

Now you will all be sick to kill, or the very want will kill you. You cowards who have tasted by chance—are you not all wanting? Will meat and sleep now satisfy you? Are you still drowsy bears—or tigers leaping to kill?



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[*Several Tribesmen speak from different spots where they have been trying to kill the bushes.*

ELEVENTH TRIBESMAN

Meat and sleep are little wants. We want more life!

TWELFTH TRIBESMAN

Tull was right. We were bears—now we are tigers!

THIRD TRIBESMAN

Tull should not be killed for wanting.

ELEVENTH TRIBESMAN

We want more life—more life!

[*The* ELEVENTH *and* TWELFTH TRIBESMEN *start quickly up the trail.* TULL *laughs mockingly. He would then follow them, but is restrained by his guards, who have not been near the fruit.*

OG (*in great alarm*)

An evil fruit, an evil fruit—to make us want more than meat and sleep. This is an evil sickness of wanting.

[*The* THIRD TRIBESMAN *at work is seen to taste the fruit furtively, then flee up the trail.* TULL *laughs again.* OG *calls the Tribesmen back but they do not heed him.*

OG (*desperately*)

We cannot kill the bush. But we can kill Tull, then we will follow these sick ones and kill them all. We must kill the sick ones.

[*Cries of "Yes, kill Tull now!" "Tull is more sick than any." "Kill Tull!"*



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OG

We shall kill Tull.

[OG *approaches him with knife drawn.*

TULL (*laughing*)

When you have eaten that fruit you are not afraid to die—you are only afraid of not wanting more than meat and sleep. I would rather die wanting than live without big wants. Kill, old Bear! I am not afraid.

[*He presents his breast to the knife.* OG *is about to strike when a shout is heard from the distance. The* SECOND TRIBESMAN *runs in.*

A TRIBESMAN

Master, we have caught the fair person, the Above-person. It came to where the body of Jad lay on the burning pile. We have caught the evil person who caused Tull to kill.

TULL

You shall not *touch* that person!

[*Shouts are heard. The* SEVENTH *and* EIGHTH TRIBESMEN *bring on the* WOMAN *between them. They are followed by the* NINTH *and* TENTH TRIBESMEN. *They bring the* WOMAN *down to* OG. *She is a little frightened and struggles, although not frantically. She is perhaps more dismayed than frightened.*

SEVENTH TRIBESMAN

We found the fair person weeping above the body of Jad, calling his name, fondling his dead face.

[TULL *starts forward with a cry, but is restrained by his guards. Those who have been working at*



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*the bushes come down. Cries of (as they come down) "Kill them!" "Kill Tull!" "Kill the fair person!"*

OG

The bushes grow faster than we can kill them. We shall kill this Above-person who made Tull kill his friend.

TULL (*struggling with his guards*)

Taste the fruit, you fools! Taste the fruit. Here is a new life, a new world before you and you are blind to it. Taste the fruit and you will know. Taste the fruit and you will want as I want.

FIFTH TRIBESMAN

Tull is sick and would kill us.

SIXTH TRIBESMAN

Tull shall be killed.

OG

First we shall kill this Above-person.

[*He recovers his knife, which he had dropped when the* WOMAN *was brought on. While he is doing this* TULL *breaks from his guards, runs to the* WOMAN, *still held by two men, and kneels before her.*

TULL (*to the woman*)

O wondrous Above-person! They do not know, they do not know! They have not eaten of the fruit as I ate. They are cowards and blind. You are all the world of beauty, all the world of wanting, all the world of joy. And they do not know. Only I know, whom the red fruit made alive to you. They will kill you, then they will kill me. That is good. I would not live after they killed you. I will die wanting. It will be a glad death. Jad's death was



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a glad death. I see that now. Jad, too, died wanting. It is good to die wanting—better than to live without wants as these blind creatures live. And soon they will know. New life has come to us. The fruit of wanting cannot be killed. They will eat and they will know. You who have brought new life—you will understand. You will know why I killed Jad, my friend; you will know why these blind ones kill you and kill me. We shall go, but the great want shall live. New life has come!

[TULL'S *guards drag him back from before the* WOMAN. *She has looked down at him as he spoke, puzzled, dismayed, but kindly and not frightened. Nor is she frightened when* OG *approaches her with knife uplifted. She seems to know that nothing can harm her.*

OG

Enough! We must kill to save ourselves.

[*He approaches the* WOMAN *and the knife is poised above her to strike. Loud shouts from above and down the trail from those who tasted the fruit and fled. Other women are seen back of them. A group of four men in the lead bear aloft the child of* JAD *and the* WOMAN, *with glad shouts.* OG *drops his knife and stares in bewilderment as the child is brought down. The other women in view do not come down but linger at the top of the trail.* TULL *breaks from his guards and runs forward to meet the men with the child.*

FIRST TRIBESMAN

More life! New life! Jad! Jad has come back!



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TULL

Jad!

[*He looks closely at the child.*

TULL

Yes, it is Jad, made small. His eyes, his mouth, the face of Jad, so small.

[*The* WOMAN *runs to child and takes it in her arms.*

TULL (*kneeling before the* WOMAN)

The fruit of wanting! It took Jad from us, it made me kill him. Now it has brought Jad back. Jad has come again in his own flesh!

SECOND TRIBESMAN

Jad in his own flesh!

THIRD TRIBESMAN

Jad lives again through the Above-person. We shall not kill the Above-person.

ALL

We shall not kill.

TULL (*pointing up the trail*)

There are other Above-persons. We shall all live again; we shall become little and grow large, and we shall want, always we shall want. We shall have more life and life without end in this fruit of wanting. See, those who have eaten the fruit have found other Above-persons—they will live again in little.

[*He points up to where some of the men have found other women. The women, instead of coming down, are leading the men up the trail.*



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OG

But this is evil! We want no new wants!

TULL

Do you still sleep, when Jad whom I slew has come again? Here!

[*He seizes a branch of one of the bushes bearing fruit. Taking a fruit from it forces it on* OG, *crushing it in his hands.*

Now, drowsy one, awaken, awaken to this new life of wanting. Do you still want but meat and sleep?

[OG *sniffs at his hand, then tastes the juice of the fruit. He looks about him dazed.*

OG

But I want more; I strangely want more than meat and sleep. I am sick like Tull. Come, we want new life—we shall not kill. We want new wants. We shall live again in these little men, and grow and grow!

[*He starts up the trail where those above have found other women. The others follow him.* TULL *approaches the* WOMAN, *and kneels.*

TULL

Let me take him, let me take my friend again in my arms. Jad has come back. He will come to me; he will know I am his friend again.

[*The* WOMAN *relinquishes the child to* TULL, *who holds him aloft and starts up the trail. Those who have remained follow him. As they go up the trail and into the forest, the figure of the* SOWER *is revealed. He is unseen by those ascending the trail.*



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THE SOWER

Lo!
From seed to flower and from flower to fruit,
Now is the time of fruiting, of new life again!
The year has come to its fullness;
Swollen with the old urge, it has burst with its own riches.
Little men, hear ye:
Ye are no longer thrall to fed wants.
You have braved the ruddy challenge,
Your feet are on the ever-widening spiral,
The golden fruits of wanting now attend you. Behold!

[*Voices are heard singing and the hillside is thronged with figures in glorious colors of harvest, the richest hues of purple and gold, orange and red. Huge emblazonries of grape-clusters, of pumpkins and fruit, waving standards of corn. When the hill-trail is filled, the humans gazing upward in rapt wonder, the dawn fire is lighted.*

VOICES (*singing*)

Life spoke its fearful wonder in itself;
Life came to its first dim knowledge of life;
Finding it so good it would rest upon itself—
Now in this star-born glade it would rest evermore,
Dreaming its last victory be won.

But Thou, the Sower, timeless and constant,
Thou broughtest new seed to sow;
New seeds of life unending, building ever upon itself,
Thou art the never ending, all-wanting, all-begetting;
Thou art the timeless, the constant, so old, so young!

FINIS



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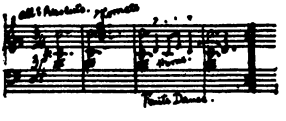
# SYNOPSIS OF THE MUSIC

The incidental music of "Life" was conceived as an illustration of the philosophical content of the author's work. I did not follow the development of the action step by step, considered from the dramatic point of view, but embraced the full content, which I used as a source of inspiration for my music.

The symphonical character of my work indicates that it must be subdivided into different sections to be considered as interludes which, introduced among dramatic episodes, serve as links thereof. By means of this episodic treatment, the auditor is given moments of repose from the mental attention which the literary work requires, and there is simultaneously created that atmosphere of which the art of sound is the magic tool.

In what I have called the Preamble, I have tried to condense the constitutional elements of my work, liberally following the form which it suggests and stepping aside from the traditional form of the Overture or Prelude.

Some sharp chords of the cornets over a persisting and continuous tremolo of the strings opens the piece (*Allegro Risoluto*), and immediately afterwards appears a rhythmical fragment taken from the Dance of the Fruits:





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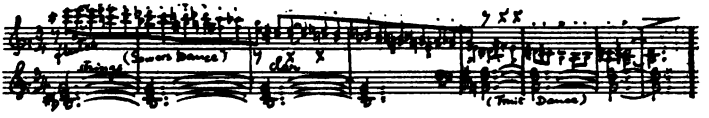
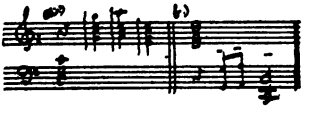
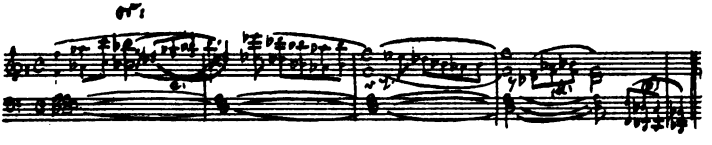
to which follows a descending chromatic movement belonging to the Dance of the Seeds:



This brief introduction leads to a lyric *Andante* in 4/4 time, the melodic content of which expresses the calm ecstasy which love evokes, even in primitive and rude souls.

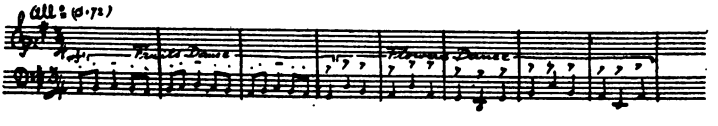
A characteristic and short rhythmic movement that the auditor will notice throughout all the work is in different forms:





These lines serve to depict the insistent and insatiable "all-wanting, all-begetting" of human nature to reach the highest and final aim of life—love.

This episode is braced up with the repetition of the initial movement, preparing for the concluding part of the Preamble. This is a fugue, the theme of which, executed by the bassoons and cellos, is as follows:





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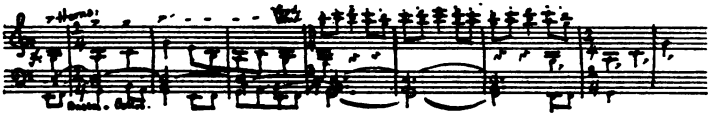
One of the motives of the Dance of the Fruits, is combined with others belonging to the Dance of the Flowers.

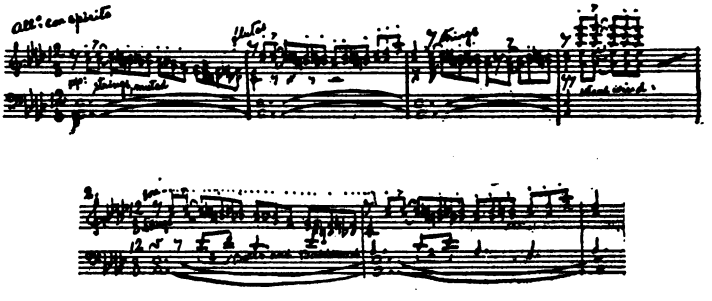
Toward the close of the piece, over the elaborated pedal of the theme's first movement, the love motive continues four times and always with greater intensity, interwoven with the first motive and the fugue theme as a dancing episode:



The Preamble's general character, as well as the character of the other numbers, is rustic and the themes are decisively rhythmic. They are easily recognized, even when the polyphonic elaboration appears somewhat complicated.

I have chosen the fugue form for the episode because its structure is proper to express the continuing, the forwarding and complicating of the same events and ideas to which the author of "Life" refers with so much insistence in his text.

The Dance of the Seedsmen is founded on the following ideas:





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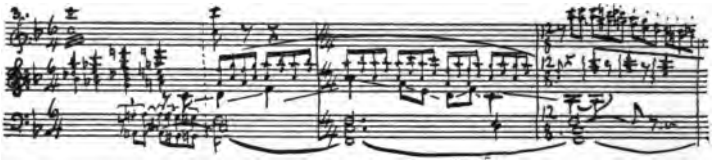


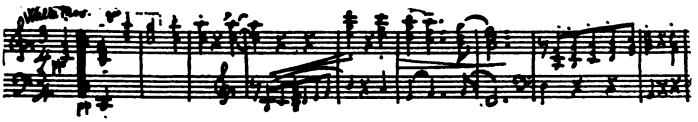
1. The chromatic and syncopated 12/8 movement expresses the tremor of life within the seed, and its repetitions between the Want and Love themes emphasize the insistence of life upon manifesting itself in growth.

2. Interwoven with the preceding is the theme of the Want, "all wants, all begettings," which is executed by the bells and other percussion instruments.

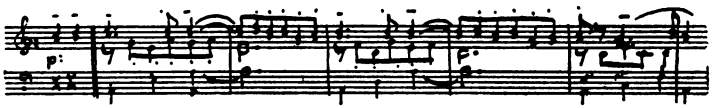
3. The Love theme, which apparently seems to assume greater importance, is combined with the preceding theme of the dance.

The form is free and could be described as a modern Rondo.

The Dance of the Flowers is a slow waltz movement, executed by the strings in the first part:



In the second period of the waltz is to be noticed the persistence of the theme of Want, which at the beginning is executed on attuned cowbells which successively round up amongst all the instruments, thus augmenting the orchestral interest and coloring.





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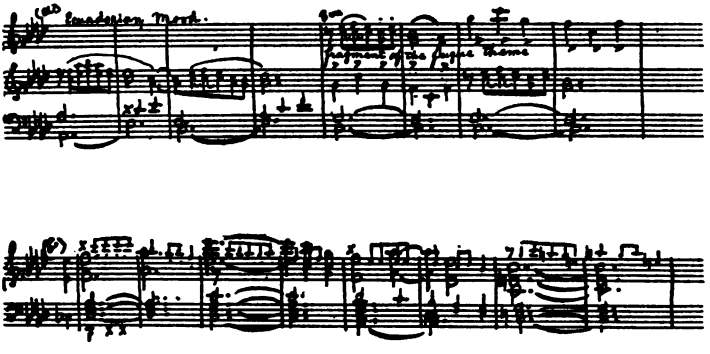
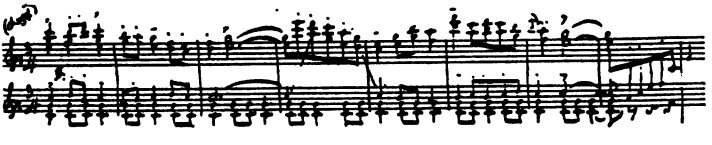
The following part (in A-flat) is built upon some Indian moods of Ecuador, which give an exotic air to the harmony. It will be easy for the auditor to recall the love theme transformed and combined with other rhythmical elements of the second fragment of the fugue theme in the Preamble.



The waltz, toward the end, softly vanishes in vague dreams.

The Dance of the Fruits, a short preparation on a pedal played by the basses, leads to the exposition of the theme executed by a full orchestra.



This period closes with the reproduction of the love



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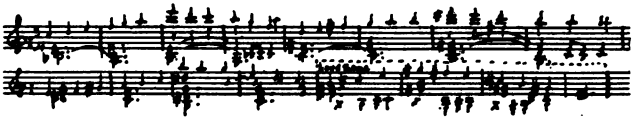
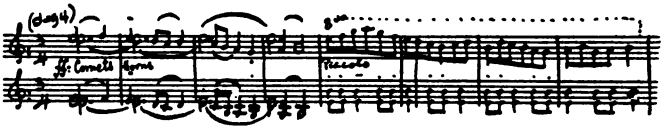
theme which undergoes an immediate and new transformation of its original rhythm.



A new fragment guides to a repetition of the principal theme, which closes the first part of the dance.



The second part (as a trio) opens with some Ecuadorian Indian moods which lead to the principal theme which is none other than the first member of the fugue in the Preamble. This, combined with the second part of the same theme, already played in the Dance of the Flowers, is developed and repeated in successive polyphonic combinations leading to repetition of all the first part, which comes to a close with a vigorous coda.

The choral section of the work must be considered from two different standpoints:

1. The Sleep of Og and the Chant of Annunciation can stand by themselves because of their organic form, while the choral fragments, almost mystic in their nature, are to be considered almost as phonetic spots, forming part of the atmosphere in which dominates the word and thought of the Sower, "the constant, the timeless."



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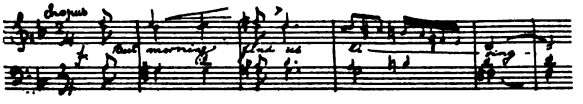
2. The finale belongs to the same category, notwithstanding the fact that in its rapid development it embraces many of the preceding themes. This comment crowns the triumph of the eternal law, love.

The Sleep of Og is a primitive man's slumber-song, the text of which is enough to depict its true significance. The orchestral commentary of this chorus is an elaboration of the themes already heard.

One of the principal means of expression lies in the following phrase:



which from the choruses pass rapidly to the orchestra.

The Chant of Annunciation opens with these chords:

which are played by the harp, sustained by an organ point of the basses.

The chorus executes a chant as a psalm. Each time the phrase is sung it is interrupted by the tenor solo, which repeats it with a slight alteration.

In this piece, the orchestral work is very much developed and the Want motive appears with great insistence and variation, mingling with the Love motive and the others. The Ecuadorian Indian moods stand out prominently in these two numbers.



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The work is scored for two flutes, and piccolo, two oboes and English horn, two clarinets, two bassoons and double bassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, tuba, harp, celesta, glockenspiel, tympani, percussion and strings. A set of cowbells, embracing the chromatic range of an octave and a half, has been introduced, I believe, for the first time as a symphonic instrument.

DOMENICO BRESCIA.



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# THE CREMATION OF CARE

By

CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

Music by

EDWIN H. LEMARE

Under the direction of W. H. SMITH, JR.

| | |
|---|---|
| THE VOICE OF CARE | DION HOLM |
| THE HIGH PRIEST | H. B. JOHNSON, JR. |
| SLEEP | FRANK P. DEERING |
| LAUGHTER | ERNEST H. MCCANDLISH |
| SONG | HAROLD K. BAXTER |
| BACCHUS | R. M. HOTALING |

## ORACULAR VOICES

| | |
|---|---|
| ANTOINE DE VALLY | AUSTIN W. SPERRY |
| CHARLES BULOTTI | E. LESLIE TAYLOR |
| EASTON KENT | M. G. JEFFRESS |
| E. J. CARDINALL | H. L. PERRY |

TIME: The Mythological Age

PLACE: A clearing in the forest

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# THE FRIDAY NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

## JUNE THE TWENTY-SEVENTH

Under the Direction of
W. H. Smith, Jr.

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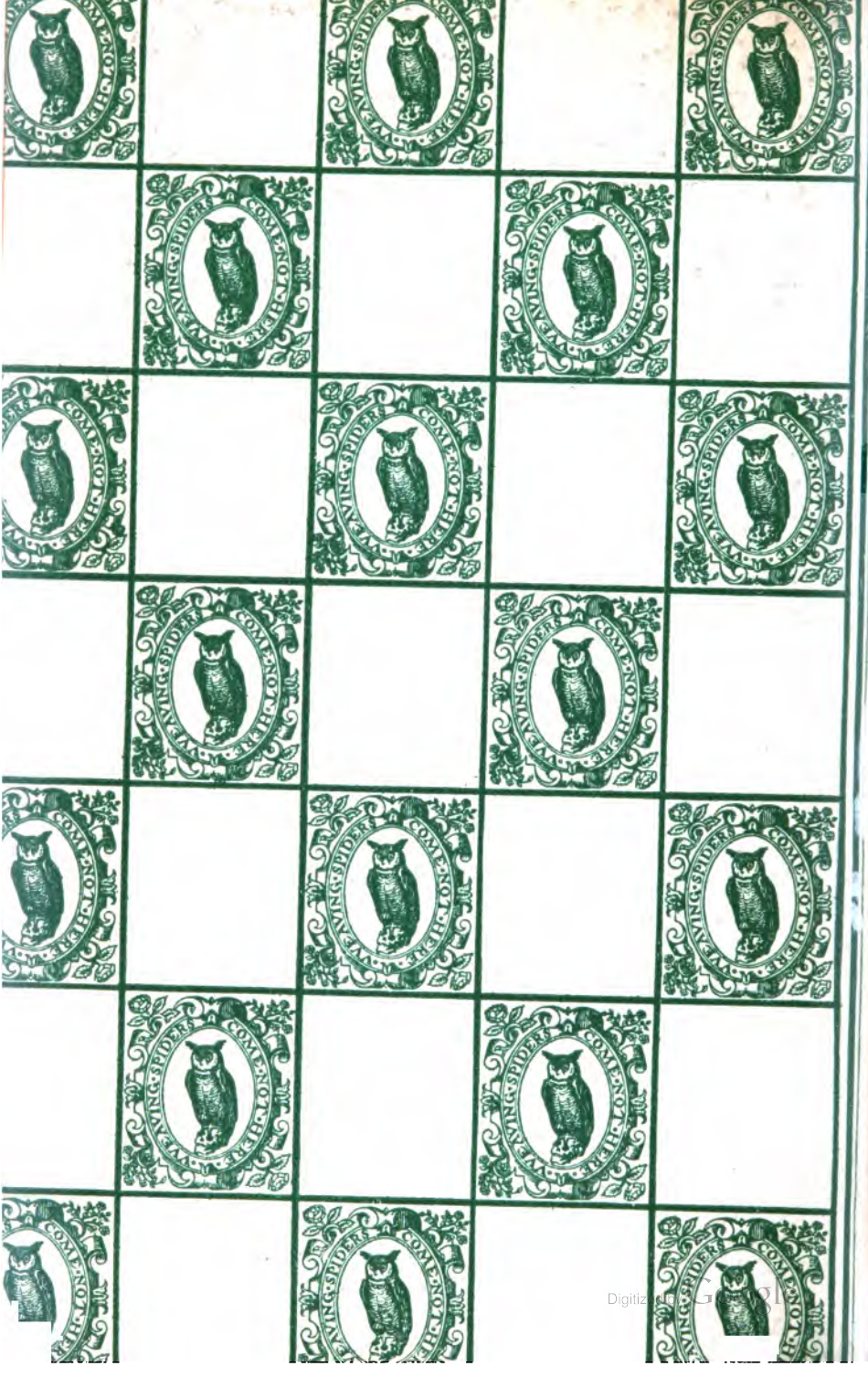


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